

The Avalanche

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

W. J. MERRILL, Editor and Proprietor.

SONG OF THE ANDRONS.

We are two little cheerful fellows,
Of our own kind the least trace;
We are chums of the Plover and the Yellow,
And dwell in the Old Fire-place.

Two Gags, and Mages in my brother,
That how-legged chap standing there;
He takes the one side, I take the other,
To make our burden with care.

Our knees we turn widely under,
Our feet we kick in a dance;
Then when the last of the year is under,
We stand like a rock on its base.

But sometimes our chums get hotter,
Then, "Tough it is, and that's all right,"
Then old man Mages has to tattle,
And once he completely falls down.

Oh, we are a happy old couple,
Our courage was never low,
We're strong in the back, it is true,
Our trouble all goes up to smoke.

But I'm thankful, and so tell the story,
Though confidence in us is fast;
Alas, when the moon's in its glory,
We're stretched out, asleep in the ash.

Well, Droyler, a soft, gentle chum;
The end of the "Androns" lay;
Whatever hard work is before us,
We'll do it as well as we may.

If mortals will carefully mind us,
They'll find out that we are strong;
We'll all our trouble burden us,
And fight our way with a song.

Portland Transcript.

ON ACCOUNT OF A CARD.

"I shall never forget my experience in a mountain district of Arkansas," said Capt. Melville, when the conversation had turned upon adventure. "There are many pleasant occurrences that we forget, but an affair of horror remains with us. The memory of a pleasant dream soon passes away, but the recollection of a nightmare becomes a mental landmark. Some time ago I was instructed by my employer to repair at once to the White Oak mountains, and buy all the cattle that a reasonable sum of money would induce to leave the rugged trails. I boarded a railway train and was soon rushing toward my destination. Sociability is a prominent feature of my nature, which I suppose is an heirloom left by my long experience as a newspaper reporter; and I had not been long on the train until I had formed the acquaintance of several gentlemen among them a United States Deputy Marshal who gave me his card, with an evident air of pride in being connected with so prominent an institution as our Government. At a small station a long-haired man, a genuine native of Arkansas, I surmised, boarded the train, and took a seat opposite me. I was desirous of hearing him talk in his quaint dialect, and I moved over, addressed him and handed him my card, as a mark of respect, and he, in turn, carefully placed it in an old pocket-book. He eyed me nervously for a moment and then asked:

"What want you for him?"

"White Oak mountains," I replied. "I got off at Putney station."

"He looked at me again with anxious interest, an uneasiness of gaze, that I could not understand, and said:

"I reckon you'll find it rite pleasant up there. Best lot of fellers that yer ever seed, an' they ain't afeard, lemme tell you."

"I could not divine why their physical courage should in the least add to the pleasure of my visit, but, supposing the remark grew out of his own attraction for men who are not afraid, and that such information would lighten, in charming anticipation, the fatigues of the journey, I did not ask him to explain. He did not seem to cotton to me, as the planters sometimes say in expressing predilection, and he left his seat and stood near the door. I approached him again, feeling more than ever an interest in him, and asked if he had ever been among the White Oak mountains."

"Have I got fingers and toes?" he replied.

"I can answer as to your fingers, and can speculate with chances in my favor in regard to your toes," I said in facetious attempt.

"Wall, then, I've been there."

"Many cattle in that country?"

"Yes, an' yer'll find some of them putty hard to handle, lemme tell yer."

"My friend, I must confess that you puzzle me. I have asked you several very civil questions, expecting civil answers; but you are so evasive that I can get no satisfaction."

"You've gone to school, ha'n't yer?"

"Yes."

"Talk Latin, I reckon."

"My knowledge of Latin is limited."

"It's what they call a dead talk ain't it?"

"Yes, it is a dead language."

"Then yer must need it an' her a while."

"I don't understand you. Your meaning is as dead to me as the language in question is to the unlettered world."

"So much the worse for yer. I reckon yer ar sorter proud of yer larnin' an' it may be all right to fling out yer book business at every man yer see, but I don't speak of very soon's sense, lemme tell yer. In my country, when a man gets to spouting like yer've been doin', we put him down as a grinnol an' don't have nothing more to do with him."

"By this time the train was shuddering up at a station. The brakeman alighted, and in a moment more I was standing on the platform. The next business to be transacted was to hire a horse, which I did after considerable trouble. Just as I mounted and started across the rugged country, I saw my

long-haired acquaintance on a mule, riding rapidly in the direction I was to take. I called to him but he made no reply.

"My instructions were to first call on a gentleman named Harvey," I learned that he lived about fifteen miles from the station, and when night came on I had considerable trouble in pursuing the right course. Hurrying clouds obscured the moon, and I could only get an occasional glimpse of the narrow and deflecting road. Suddenly my horse stopped and snorted. I urged him, but he would not proceed. I dismounted to ascertain the cause of his fright, when I was seized and, despite resistances, bound and gagged. There seemed to be quite a number in the party of captors, for, while bound to a horse and hurried along, I heard numerous suppressed voices. We must have traveled several miles over a country rough with ravines and almost precipitous with hillsides. When we stopped I was rudely lifted from the horse and taken inside a log house built so close to the mountain side that an immense rock formed a side wall of the structure. I was placed upon a bench, and my hands were manacled. I saw around me ten or twelve rough-looking men, heavily armed. They wore fierce expressions and determined in expression. I had pleaded with them, but they placed the gag in my mouth, but now they had restored to me the use of articulation. I sat, mute and almost stupefied. At every turn I saw great copper vessels, and off to the right, where my eyes in adventure wandered, I saw a rude corn-mill and pile of corn.

"So you've come out here to take us to the penitentiary, eh?" said a large, grizzled man, stepping in front of me.

"No, sir," I replied. "I never heard of you before. I came to this country to buy mountain cattle."

"An' I reckon you've found more of 'em than you can buy."

"I don't understand you. I don't know why I was brought here. I never heard of you, and why you should subject punishment on me is something I don't understand."

"Oh, he's powerful innocent," exclaimed a fellow who looked at me with an expression of blood-thirsty revenge. "He don't know what we mean, nor, because he ain't got his crowd with him."

"That's the way he's trying to work it," exclaimed a man who leaned against one of the copper vessels, "but turn him loose an' he'll show us."

"Gentlemen, you—"

"Gentlemen," repeated a chorus of voices. "Did you hear that? He's gittin' powerful meek."

"Young feller," said the grizzled, bearded patriarch, "we're goin' to put a right tellin' lesson afore your eyes. We're gittin' of this here American Government, and don't want to be pestered in the exercise of our nat'l rights. Our forefathers fit an' bled for the establishment of this New Nation, an' we think that we've got a right to make whisky when and where we please."

"Now you're talkin'; put it to him!" exclaimed the chorus.

"You may be a brave man," continued the patriarch, "an' may be discharging your duty, but it's our duty to see that you don't. We could have killed you easy enough without puttin' ourselves to the trouble of fellecin' you here, but we wanted to furnish an example to a young feller that turned traitor. We want to hang you rite afore his eyes an' then hang him."

"A groan arrested my attention, and, looking around, I saw a young man bound hand and foot, stretched upon the floor."

"That young chap," continued the grizzled patriarch, "went down to Little Rock some time ago an', as we've found out, he'd been for him you wouldn't now be so close to what the revelations of the Gospel ends an' what the real work of eternal punishment be gins. Hold the young feller up an' let the stunner look at each other."

"Gentlemen, I never saw this young fellow before, I declare. There must be a mistake here. What do you think my business is anyhow? For God's sake do not act until you know what you are doing! Heaven knows I did not come here to harm anyone."

"That talk must amount to a great deal afore a Judge an' jury, but afore us it only amounts to what it's worth."

"What am I charged with? Give me a chance to defend myself."

"It wain't expected that you wanted a chance. A man that is so bold as to come rite out as you have done oughter know that if he's tuck that ain't no chance for him. Fetch the rope, Jesse!"

"The young man addressed immediately appeared with the rope. I begged and prayed, but they slipped a noose over my neck and throwing the rope over something above, tightened it."

"Before you murder me, I gasped, 'tell me what I have done?'"

"You are a Deputy United States Marshal on that hunt of distillers," replied Grizzled Beard.

"I am not. I am a cattle buyer. No one can prove that I am a Deputy Marshal."

"I reckon I'm," replied a voice, an' before me stood the long-haired man I had met on the train.

"I did not tell you that I was a Deputy Marshal?"

"No, but yer give me yer ticket," and he produced a card bearing the name and address of J. M. Pettor, United States Deputy Marshal.

"Then I realized how the mistake

had occurred. The Deputy Marshal had given me his card, and when I introduced myself to the long-haired man I had without noticing it, given it to him. I made an elaborate explanation, and in proof told them to search my pockets, where they would find several cards bearing different names, but would find at least fifty bearing one name, which was my own. They did so, and took the rope from my neck, and also liberated the young man, who they thought had turned informer.

"I was soon liberated and allowed to mount my horse. The grizzled man gave me instructions in regard to the road to Harvey's and bade me good-night in a spirit of friendship. When I had gone about fifty yards some one called to me to stop. I did not know whether to fly or obey, but knew that the distillers' could, by their knowledge of the country, soon find me out. I stopped. Pretty soon old Grizzled Beard appeared.

"Here," he said, handing me a bottle. "Take this moonshine along with you. It's the best, an' along toward the turn of the night yer'll find it mighty strengthening. Don't say anything about our pleasant meetin' for you must be sorry for it. Good-by."—Arkansas Traveler.

REMINISCENCES OF BURNS BY HAY
—H. H. contributes to the Century "A Burns Pilgrimage," in which he says of his interview with the poet's niece: "They believed that Burns' temperate habits had been greatly exaggerated. Their mother was a woman 33 years old and the mother of three children when he died, and she had never seen him. I want for liquor. There were very many idle people in the world, and a great deal of talk," they said. After his father's death, he assumed the position of the head of the house, and led in family prayers, each morning, and everybody said, even the servants, that there were never such beautiful prayers heard. He was a generous soul. After he left home he never came back for a visit, however poor he might be, without bringing a present for every member of the family: always a pound of tea for his mother, and tea was tea then; the old ladies added. To their mother he gave a copy of Thomson's "Seasons," which they still have. They have also some letters of his, two of which I read with great interest. They were to his brother, and were full of good advice. In one he says:

"I intended to have given you a sheaf of counsel, but some business has prevented me. In a word, learn taciturnity. Let that be your motto. Though you had the wisdom of Newton or the wit of Swift, garrulosity would lower you in the eyes of your fellow-creatures."

"The old ladies said that their mother had liked 'Jean' on the whole, though at first not so well, on account of the connection being what it was." She was, kindly, cheerful, never noisy, but had a good figure, danced well and sang well, and worshipped her husband. She was not intellectual, but there's some say a poet shouldn't have an intellectual wife, one of the ingenious old spinsters remarked, interrogatively. "At my age, she smiled him, an' it was ill appearing at her after all that was said and done; the younger niece added, with real feeling in her tone. Well might she say so. If there be a touching picture in all the long list of faithful and ill-used women, it is that of 'bonnie Jean' the unwedded mother of children, the forgiving wife of a husband who betrayed others as he had betrayed her—when she took into her arms and nursed and cared for her husband's child, born of an unloved woman, and bravely answered all curious questioners with, "It's a newborn's hair I'm bringin' up." She wrought for herself a place and an esteem of which her honest and loving humility little dreamed."

HOW PURCELL BECAME A BISHOP.

A curious story is told of the appointment of Mr. Purcell as Bishop. At the time the see in Cincinnati became vacant, through the death of Bishop Penwick, Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C., was in Rome. Bishop England was a busy, bustling little man, much esteemed at Rome, where he was called episcopos vaporem. The story is told that the pope, at the time a Cardinal was wanted for the see of Cincinnati, and the pope's choice fell upon Mr. Purcell, who was then a young man, and was known to the pope through the influence of a friend. The pope's choice was made, and Mr. Purcell was appointed Bishop of Cincinnati. The story is told that the pope, at the time a Cardinal was wanted for the see of Cincinnati, and the pope's choice fell upon Mr. Purcell, who was then a young man, and was known to the pope through the influence of a friend. The pope's choice was made, and Mr. Purcell was appointed Bishop of Cincinnati.

PLIMANTRIEN.

A FASHION article—Woman.

A SINFISTERED spot—The coppered nose.

This late-day of the week—Wash day.

CHICKENS got upon the world's-deck through the hatchway.

It is when a woman tries to whistle that the great glory of her mouth is seen without being very much heard.

"I MEANT to have told you of that fellow," said a gentleman to his friend, who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend, "I have found it."

The worst case of indolence related is that of a man named John Hole, who was a lazy thug, in writing his name, he simply used the letter "J" and then punched a hole through the paper.

SOME workmen while putting up a sign at a Newport store dropped two of the big letters, both "H's," on the pavement. A do on Newporters immediately exclaimed, "How delightfully English!"

ONE KIND OF EDITOR.

There was a young man of New York, who was both a poet and a baker, and the lines he wrote were:

"Take a tin in and tin in
Upon corn," said the old man to his son.
—Lancashire Courier-Journal.

Two dunes had finished their choicest late in a New York case when one of them thus addressed the waiter: "Wait! how much is the bill?" "Fit cents, sir," "Xaws, xaws; but the amount?" "Why, 50 cents, I said." "Xaws; but don't you see, the amount in shillings?"

TRIVIALS (twink), little star,
Like the end of a star,
Why do you say and blurt
Gibes about so late at night?

East-bound, west-bound, star,
What's your business, your course?
In your night for a look
When the night is cold and dark?

Little star, play hide your head
In your little twinkling bed;
When the sun is in the sky
You can pry eyes every day.

"WHAT DOES Mr. L. do, Addie," asked a Cottage Hill girl of a South Sider. "He takes photographs," replied the S. S., contemptuously. "Lakes photographs! Why, I thought he was an oil broker in the daytime, but he took my photograph out of the album the night before last, and won't give it back to me." "The pig!"—City Dispatch.

YOUNG WHEATLY had long possessed an unsavory reputation. One day, while in court to answer for a misdemeanor, the Judge remarked: "Wheatley, I believe you're a drunkard." "That's so, Judge; I drink all I can get." "I believe you'll lie." "Never tell the truth if I can help it, Judge." "And I think you are dishonest." "What! me? Never say any more, Judge."

THEIR most serious complaint is a very honest about it.—Chicago Cheek.

A worthless fellow, half-drunk, met a friend on the street. "As drunk and worthless as usual," said the friend. "I ain't drunk; I'm celebratin'." "Celebratin' what?" "I've got a hundred dollars in my pocket." "That's luck." "Yes, I've got a hundred dollars." "I'm glad of it." "Yes, sir, I've got a hundred dollars." "So I heard you say, sir, a hundred dollars." "Well, what's the use of telling me so often?" "Look here, now; on the deal, mind. I haven't really got it, but I've heard about these old fellows telling a story till they get to believe it themselves, and that's what I'm trying to do. Lend me a dollar till I convince myself, and I'll make it all right with you."—Merchant-Traveler.

THE TRAIN.

Hark!
It comes!
It hums!
The warning counter-voice
That runs along before.
The pulsing, struggling noise is clear:
The hissing echo "Forward, forward."
Till like a dove of peace, feathered eagle,
With outstretched wing and shrill and shrill and shrill,
The pulsing, struggling noise is clear:
The hissing echo "Forward, forward."
Till like a dove of peace, feathered eagle,
With outstretched wing and shrill and shrill and shrill,

AN OPINION.

There were eight or ten of them seated on the grocery steps as the stranger came up, and one of them led off with:

"Yes, gentlemen, this village needs capital, and needs it bad."

"That's so," added a second. "What we want here is money."

"Yes, we want capital to develop things," sighed a third, and so it went down the line until every one of the lot had expressed his opinion that capital was wanted. The last man looked up at the stranger and added:

"Don't it seem that way to you?"

"It does, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What would be your opinion of the way capital ought to be invested here?"

"Well, my plan would be to lay out the first \$5,000 in bar-soaps, crash towels, barbers' shears and kicking machines," was the firm reply, as he prepared for a run of half a mile to the depot.—Wall Street News.

This assertion is made in Paris that Sarah Bernhardt is coming to the United States in the autumn to play Fedora 100 evenings for \$2,000 each performance, but no engagement of the kind has been heard of in this country.

It is estimated that \$25,000,000 worth of small fruits are sold annually in the city of New York.

THE LAST LINK.

Formal Completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad Near Helena, Montana.

The Gold Spike Driven Home in the Presence of a Notable Company.

History of the Road, from Its Inception to Its Completion.

At a point fifty miles west of Helena, Montana, which has appropriately been christened, and will hereafter be known as Gold Spike, the formal ceremonies of completing the Northern Pacific railroad were celebrated on the 26th of September. A pavilion had been erected for the purpose, capable of holding 1,000 persons, and the band of the Fifth United States Infantry furnished the music. President Villard made the opening address, and was followed by Mr. W. A. Burdett, who was the orator of the occasion. Secretary Teller, ex-President Billings, Gen. Grant, the Governors of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, Montana, Oregon and Washington made brief speeches of congratulations. The German Minister, Von Elsenhorst, presented the good wishes of his countrymen, and was followed by Dr. Kautsky, of Berlin University, and Dr. Hoffman, the greatest living physiologist. A photograph was taken of the entire assembly. The formal ceremonies took place, and men stepped up and laid the gold spike on the last link left to be completed, spiking the rails, leaving the last spike for the railroad king himself to drive. Meanwhile the band was playing and the crowd, shouting, "Hurray for the railroad," was cheering the king. The king, who was dressed in a suit of black, and wearing a hat, stepped up and drove the last spike. The king, who was dressed in a suit of black, and wearing a hat, stepped up and drove the last spike. The king, who was dressed in a suit of black, and wearing a hat, stepped up and drove the last spike.

History of the Road, from Its Inception to Its Completion.

Although the Northern Pacific railroad was the first projected across the continent, it has proved the last to be completed in the West. The project was first conceived by Jay Cooke & Co., who were the first to propose a line from St. Paul to Duluth, and the Northern Pacific railroad was the first to be completed in the West. The project was first conceived by Jay Cooke & Co., who were the first to propose a line from St. Paul to Duluth, and the Northern Pacific railroad was the first to be completed in the West.

MAIN LINE DIVISIONS.

Division	Miles
St. Paul to Duluth	100
Duluth to Minneapolis	100
Minneapolis to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Chicago	100
Chicago to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Denver	100
Denver to St. Paul	100
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St. Paul to Tacoma	100
Tacoma to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Vancouver	100
Vancouver to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Victoria	100
Victoria to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Seattle	100
Seattle to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Tacoma	100
Tacoma to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Vancouver	100
Vancouver to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Victoria	100
Victoria to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Seattle	100
Seattle to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Tacoma	100
Tacoma to St. Paul	100
St. Paul to Vancouver	100
Vancouver to St. Paul	

THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, Sept. 20, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

READER, a cross marked after your name on this paper, signifies that the time for which you have paid has expired, and we need some money now.

Remember the party Friday evening.

All wool.

Cardinal.

Myrtle Green.

Terra Cotta.

and Black-Cashmere at B. & E.'s.

New Fall hats at Mrs. Mitchell's.

The AVALANCHE to Jan. 1 for 30 cts.

Miss Frank Stewart of West Branch in the city a few days this week.

Calicos in endless variety at B. & E.'s.

Mr. C. A. Fish has the frame up for a new dwelling on the south side.

Merchant Edgcombe made a trip to Deerfield last week.

Everybody will read Masters' new advertisement and go and see if he tells a true story.

New stock of jewelry at B. & E.'s.

Mr. Chas. Turner is out on crutches, recovering rapidly as possible from a fracture of the thigh.

Mr. J. G. Marsh has left at this office a sample of oats grown on his plains farm which will satisfy any one.

Dress goods from 5c up at B. & E.'s.

J. M. Finn's stock and trade has so increased that he has been compelled to build another large addition to his store.

The "magic words" "Real Estate Agency" have appeared on the front of J. O. Hadley's office. We suspect the painter has been there.

M. J. Connors has taken a trip this week to Texas and thence to Detroit, where he will take in the Art Loan exhibition and the State fair.

Fancy stock of dress gingham at Biven & Edgcombe's.

We are in receipt of a basket of potatoes from the farm of John Ballard which are of as fine quality as we ever saw, and the yield, notwithstanding the frost, will be at least 150 bushels to the acre.

Messrs. Wild & Wheeler propose to give a grand party to-morrow (Friday) evening. Dancing at the Opera House and supper at the Grayling House. Music by Brown's band. Bill \$2. A good time is anticipated.

Ladies and gents underwear at astonishingly low prices at B. & E.'s.

R. E. Cade will run two camps—one at Geel's old camp on Hudson creek and the other at Geel's switch on the Michigan Central railroad. Mr. Cade intends to put in 7,000,000 feet this winter and will run them to Bay City by rail.—Ward's Pioneer.

B. & E. will back their 50c. Jap tea against any other in the city.

The wheat crop on the plains was never so satisfactory as this year. The average will be nearly 20 bushels per acre, all plump kernels, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. More than twice as much wheat will be sown this year than ever before.—Ogemaw Herald.

At the special public examination of teachers held at Grayling, August 31, there were four applicants for third-grade certificates. Examinations were conducted by the board in all the branches required by law, and certificates granted to Fred M. Richmond, Julia Erb and Belle Underwood.

Call and examine B. & E.'s new stock. Goods arriving daily.

While all will acknowledge that we have had frost enough for this season of the year, yet it is some consolation to know that everything was not killed. Potatoes, except those planted very late, are not materially injured, and we have heard of several fields of corn that was thoroughly ripened before the freeze.

Wheaton York, of South Branch township, has finished threshing and has over 400 bushels of grain this year. This is Mr. Y.'s first experience in plains farming and he is justly proud of the result and expresses himself confident as to the fertility of the soil, and says that in a few years this will be the wheat belt of Michigan. Let the good work go on.—Ward's Pioneer.

If you want anything in the boot and shoe line, you can get what you want at Biven & Edgcombe's.

John Lelie, of South Branch township, threshed his wheat on Saturday last, and we are informed by competent judges and by men who have been successful wheat-growers in the South part of the State that it is the best filled berry and the cleanest grain they ever saw threshed. It turned out 23 bushels to the acre, and Mr. Lelie is well pleased with his plans farming as a small boy with his first pair of boots.—Ward's Pioneer.

It is expected that the new M. E. church will be dedicated at Sabbath.

The lodge of L. O. of B. T. is steadily increasing in membership.

Do not fail to see the X on your paper, if it is there, for we are in need of duets.

Prof. Hyde, of Valparaiso, Ind., who has been engaged as principal of our school, is in the city.

W. E. Parish, from Vernon, Shawnee county, succeeds Fred Speltman as night operator at the depot.

T. W. Mitchell can be found at Jno. Kelley's blacksmith shop, where he is prepared to do all kinds of blacksmithing.

(fold rings, gold breast pins, gold lockets, gold rings, gold and silver etc., at Biven & Edgcombe's.

B. C. Kelly, Ludington, Mich., says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters to be an excellent remedy for biliousness, and fever and ague."

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold a picnic social at the church on Friday (to-morrow) afternoon to complete the arrangement of the church for dedication.

Mr. M. Mickelson has moved "out of the old house into the new" and can now boast of the finest residence in the county. The AVALANCHE wishes him and his unbounded happiness in their new quarters.

Try it, it will cure you.—If you are troubled with a "Lame Back," Gravel, Leucorrhoea, Non-Retention or Incontinence of Urine, inflammation or ulceration of the Bladder and Kidneys, try Hill's English "Extract of Buchu and Cubebs." It will cure you.

Mr. Joseph Sewell wishes to announce to the people of Perry, Cheney and surrounding country that he has in stock a general assortment of Dry Goods, Clothing, Groceries, etc., which he is disposing of at the lowest prices for cash. Give him a call and be convinced.

F. O. Gullifer, of An Sable, Mich., has purchased an interest in the Plummer Lumber Company, and has been elected vice president of the concern. He is about to remove to Sandusky, Ohio, where the distributing yards of the company are located. Its main office is at East Saginaw, Mich., and its mills at Ogemaw.—Lumberman.

The entertainment at the opera house last Friday evening by the Roscommon fire department was not as largely attended as it deserved. The plays were well rendered for amateurs, some of the parts being splendidly sustained. We had intended personal mention of some of the leading actors, but have mislaid our notes and being unacquainted with names of some, omit all for fear of seeming injustice. The dance which followed was a very enjoyable affair.

The following item, cut from the Cadillac News, conveys a moral as well as a tale: "A large and somewhat dilapidated trunk passed through the city this morning from Chicago bearing the following inscription, which tell its own tale: 'In God We trusted, In Dakota we busted.' No such inscription can be found on property of the Northern Michigan Lumber Company. In this locality the inscription might be, 'In Michigan when we strive We can always thrive.' Dakota has seen many a bust in the last few months."

A correspondent has written to the N. Y. Evening Post about this State's lumber business, saying: "The present size and swift growth of the lumber industry of Michigan, as shown by statistics, are most startling. Twenty years ago a few hundred million feet of lumber were cut in the State; now the annual product is one-quarter that of our whole country, and reaches more than four billion feet. Cut in boards 12 inches wide and one inch thick, the yearly product would suffice for a double-boarded fence, with the posts, 16 times around the earth. It would build the houses for a city of a million inhabitants, and would each year load some 2,500 miles of cars."

FOR SALE.

A good coal stove, as good as new, for sale cheap at the Grayling House.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale cheap for cash one mare colt, 11 months old, of good stock. She can be seen at my residence in Maple Forest, or inquire at the AVALANCHE office.

DAVID SROOG.

NOTICE.

Is hereby given, by the undersigned freeholders of the township of Maple Forest in the county of Crawford, that an application will be made to the Board of Supervisors of said county of Crawford, at the next meeting to be held on the 5th day of October, in the year of 1883, to erect and provide for the organization of a new township, to be called the township of Antwerp, and to embrace the following described territory, to-wit: Town 28, north of range 1 west, to be set off from town 28, north of range 2 west, Maple Forest township, county of Crawford, State of Michigan.

Dated Sept. 10, A. D. 1883.

(Signed) B. J. F. Sherman, Jeremiah Sherman, Jas. E. Hamilton, D. M. Hot, John B. Calkin, Lewis R. Scheld, Wm. H. Sherman, Conrad House, W. H. Smith, B. B. House, John McAlinn, Henry Knibbs, Harriet Edmonds, Geo. W. Crawford.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FRIDAYVILLE.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:

"The following should have appeared last week but was received a little too late.—Ed.]

Saturday night last our late crops were ripened prematurely, for which we blame Jack Frost, Esq., who visited us with all his retinue. We did not give him a warm reception, but he seemed to make himself perfectly at home notwithstanding. Estates planted in season were out of the way and early corn was ripe. Millet, late corn and potatoes, corn fodder, etc., etc., are badly injured if not completely spoiled. 'Tis some consolation to know that we are now alone, that the rest of the country is far south and east as Virginia and Texas, and that it is a matter of a greater or less degree.

Our stock of hay is in a flourishing condition.

Miss Nora Masters has been making Mrs. Thos. Woodfield a visit. We understand Mr. Woodfield's baby has been quite sick but is now better.

Mrs. Wier and daughter, of Brockway Center, are stopping with us for their health. They are the guests of Mr. Thos. G. Hugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Langhead have removed to Grayling for a time.

John E. McDonald, is about to remove his place upon D. Wilson's store, where he will have more commodious quarters. This is an indication that his business is on the increase.

Mr. Fred Barber left for Canada yesterday; says he may be gone a year.

Wm. Males has lately returned from Detroit, where he has been for a few weeks past.

Mrs. P. L. Barker is at present attending her husband on a trip east on business for the M. C. R. R. Co.

Salling, Hanson & Co. are getting their supply of baled hay largely from the settlers east of here, judging from the amount we see drawn through this village. D.

MEN WHO KILL A TOWN.

An exchange has the following which is worthy of perusal: It takes the money, the brains, years of hard and anxious labor, of self-sacrifice of certain set of men to organize, build and create a town. The man who is willing to take advantage of their efforts without contributing his share toward the machinery of progress, is a consummate hog, a useless citizen, and a miserable burden upon the body politic. They lie to the assessor to avoid carrying their share of the public burdens, sink away from subscription papers for public improvements, dodge every public responsibility, never pay a cent towards a newspaper or any other public institution if they can dodge it. They are so ready to profit by the energy, enterprise and money of others, that they generally pay their private debts only so long as it is for their own selfish interests to do so. Men of this stamp exist, but too many of them would kill any town outright, and it won't take long either.

OSCEOLA AFFAIRS.

Osceola county, or her officials, are bound to obtain notoriety if they will have a reasonable length of time. The latest news stirred the ire of the participants to the greatest depth, and the crack of the pistol was really mingled with a liberal display of pugilistic skill.

It is told that Sheriff Cameron cherished antipathy toward Prosecuting attorney Kittle and had promised him a good kicking last Saturday. Cameron stepped out into the road in front of Kittle's office and told him to come out and settle their difficulties with their fists. Hot words followed, but K. refused to leave his office and told C. not to enter it. The sheriff, however, did not seem to fear the revolver K. was pointing at him, and as he entered it was discharged, without hitting the sheriff, who immediately rushed upon the attorney and gave him the promised kicking.

Kittle was arrested Monday on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The examination was held before Justice Warner and he was bound over to appear at the next term of the circuit court and in default of \$5,000 bail go to jail. He was given over to Sheriff Turner's care last night.

Jas. Atherton, the late treasurer of Osceola, is said to have struck a bonanza in the way of a pension from the government, amounting in the aggregate to \$2,800 and \$8 per month in the future.—Ogemaw Herald.

AN ACT.

To prevent the sale and use of toy pistols.

Section 1. The People of the State of Michigan enact, That no person shall sell, give, or furnish to any child under the age of 14 years, any cartridge of any form or material, or any pistol, gun, or other mechanical contrivance, specially arranged or designed for the same.

Sec. 2. Any person violating any of the provisions of the foregoing section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$10 nor more than \$50, and costs of prosecution, or imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than ninety days, or both such fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 3. It shall be unlawful for any person under the age of 13 years to have in possession, or use any of the articles named in Sec. 1 of this act.

The attention of dealers is called to the above law, which was passed at the last session of the legislature, and is now in force.

A. H. SWARTHOUT, Real Estate & Ins'nce AGENCY

Two houses and nine lots on Cedar street; two houses and three lots on Penitentiary avenue; two houses and five lots, and two store lots on Michigan avenue, for sale.

Over 3,000 acres of pine lands and 400 acres of farming lands, improved, for sale.

INSURANCE. We represent more Companies than any Agency in Northern Michigan and insure at lower rates.

Agent for Rogers' addition to Grayling.

Money to loan on good security.

A. H. Swarthout.

FOR

JOB PRINTING

Of All Kinds, go to the

AVALANCHE OFFICE

LETTER HEADS.

NOTE HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

BUSINESS CARDS.

CALLING CARDS.

Posters,

Envelopes,

Invitations, Etc.,

Printed with Neatness and Dispatch.

PRICES REASONABLE.

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

REMINGTON GUNS

WE HAVE THE

Largest and Best Equipped Armory in the World!

AND CONSEQUENTLY THE BEST OF FACILITIES FOR MANUFACTURING AND TESTING FIREARMS. WE HAVE MADE

OVER ONE MILLION MILITARY RIFLES

Which have been adopted and are in use in EVERY QUARTER OF THE GLOBE.

REMINGTON SHOT GUNS

ARE NOTED FOR THE GOOD RESULTS OBTAINED AT ALL RANGES. WE REFER TO ANYBODY WHO HAS USED THEM.

OUR HUNTING AND TARGET RIFLES

Have taken HIGHEST AWARDS at International Expositions, and PRINCIPAL PRIZES in Local Competitions.

REMINGTON ARMS

ARE UNEQUALLED FOR

Strength, Simplicity, Durability, Range, Penetration,

Precision, Ease of Action, and Rapidity of Fire.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,

NEW YORK OFFICE, 281 & 283 BROADWAY.

ARMORY, ILION, N. Y.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

Salling, Hanson & Co.

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

FEED, HAY,

And all other Goods used by Lumbermen and the Public in general, at WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

DRY GOODS,

CLOTHING.

FURNISHING GOODS.

HATS AND CAPS.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

HARDWARE.

STOVES and TINWARE,

CROCKERY and GLASSWARE,

Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Frick, Lime,

AND OTHER

BUILDING MATERIAL.

MANUFACTURERS and DEALERS IN

Lumber, Lath and Shingles.

Bills Cut to Order on Short Notice.

LONG NORWAY TIMBER A SPECIALTY.

THE BEST WAGON ON WHEELS

IS MANUFACTURED BY

FISH BROS. & CO.,

RACINE, WIS.

WE MAKE EVERY VARIETY OF

FARM, FREIGHT AND SPRING WAGONS,

And by confining ourselves strictly to one class of work, by employing none but the BEST of WORKMEN, using nothing but First-Class Improved Machinery and the Very Best of Selected Timber, and by a Thorough Knowledge of the business, we have justly earned the reputation of making

"The Best wagon on wheels."

Manufacturers have abolished the warranty, but agents may, on their own responsibility, give the following warranty with each wagon, if so agreed:

"We hereby warrant the Fish Bros. Wagon No. — to be well made in every particular and to be of good material, and that the strength of the same is sufficient for all work with fair usage. Should any breaking occur within one year from this date by reason of defective material or workmanship, repairs for the same will be furnished at place of sale, free of charge, or the price of said repairs, as per agent's price list, will be paid in cash. For the best producing a sample of the broken or defective parts as evidence."

Knowing we can suit you, we solicit patronage from every part of the United States. Send for Prices and Terms, and for a full description of our

four-wheel, to